

November, 1933

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# The Liguorian

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An Ideal Parish

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## REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

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## AMONG OURSELVES

A hospital Sister in Minnesota writes to encourage us in the work of *THE LIGUORIAN*. She tells us that she celebrated her golden jubilee in 1930, and we like to attach weight to the words of one so long "experienced in the things of God." Sister agrees with us wholeheartedly in our attack on the critic of all Catholic magazines except a select few, and wishes she could send us a huge number of subscriptions. If we can have a share in the prayers of the Venerable Sister, we shall feel certain that the subscriptions will come.



A Circuit Judge in one of our large cities hands down the decision the *THE LIGUORIAN* is in a class by itself—a Catholic magazine that he is never ashamed to have in his offices, to circulate among his secretaries, and to place in the way of his callers. He supports his verdict by saying that its editing is only comparable to that found in journals in England. This looks like something of an answer to the query we made some time ago: "Who are our readers?"



While on the subject of testimonials, there is one that comes from the Holy Father, and we shall be pardoned if we claim it as support of our work. It is the highest support we could have. "I beg my flock," says Pius XI, "to remain faithful to the Catholic papers; to do propaganda for them, and to procure publicity for them and to help them in every way. Catholic Action imperatively needs the book and newspapers."



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# THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine*

*Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.*

*of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 11

## At The Grotto

Fair monument that seems to raise on high  
Each stony point like suppliant hands to pray,  
In hallow'd stillness where the breezes sigh  
At matin sweetness or the close of day.

From short to longer in symmetric grace,  
Gray ghosts assembled in a vast conclave,  
Each pencilled arrow to its friend gives place,  
While over all the dark green branches wave.

And throned on high with many a vine and flower  
The centre arch its rock-bound portal rears,  
Fair climax in its all majestic power  
To beauty piled in labyrinthine tiers.

Our Mother's place indeed, and rightly Hers,  
Sweet image in a spotless gown of snow,  
While at Her feet the sparkling water purrs  
Like jewels to the lichen'd pool below.

Dear home of peace, just at the fall of night,  
Where weary souls can moment lose their care,  
And humbly kneeling bask beneath the light  
That crowns Her head like answer to their prayer.

Accept this gift our hands have raised to Thee  
Dear Mother, may it ever be Thine own;  
Grant us Thy love and harken to our plea,  
That it remain our lasting prayer in stone.

—Brother Reginald C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### THE PREJUDICED NEWSPAPER

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

It was sheer chance that brought Father Timothy Casey in on this heated discussion.

"That editorial in the *News* is an insult to twenty million American Catholics," Mrs. Lorand was saying. "It is ungentlemanly, unjust and untrue. High time we wake up before our principal daily degenerates into a Ku Klux scandal sheet."

"Don't talk nonsense, Melda," her husband remonstrated. "A daily paper is a big thing. Hundreds of workers must unite to produce it. In the hurly-burly of publication a foolish write-up by some pin-head is bound to get by once in a while. You should not hold the 'paper' responsible for it."

"I do hold the 'paper' responsible for it. They take mighty good care that nothing gets by that could offend a rich advertiser; they should take at least the same care that no gratuitous insult is offered to their Catholic readers. And if it was an accident, let them offer an adequate apology."

"But, my dear, we all take the paper to get the news. We don't want to find it filled today with apologies for what it printed yesterday. A newspaper is like a bill of fare; it must cater to many different tastes. Each one takes what he likes and leaves the rest. If you do not like the editorial, don't read it. Just keep cool, and turn to the fashions or the funnies."

"I won't keep cool. I'll bring this up with everybody I meet. It is not the first offense. This is only one of a dozen editorials, either openly or covertly against the Church, that have appeared within the year. You remember that cartoon last St. Patrick's Day. And again how skilfully they suppress or minimize any news item favorable to Catholics. They were utterly dumb and blind regarding the persecution of Catholics in Mexico, Spain, and Russia. And how often the book reviews and even the ads unblushingly advocate immorality and irreligion."

"All right, then; if you don't like what he publishes, send a letter to the editor."

"A lot of good it would do, a letter to the editor."

"She is right, Lorand. Your wife is absolutely right." Harry Biggane had been watching impatiently for a chance to break in on the conversation and tell what he thought of the paper—and he "thought plenty." "This thing has gone too far. The *News* treats us Catholics like a pack of morons and expects us to take it all and be thankful we are allowed to live. I, for one, will submit to it no longer. Yesterday's editorial was the last straw. I told them to stop the paper. I told them too that they would never get another dollar from me, nor from any of my friends if I could help it."

"Bully for you, Harry!" cried Dan Curry. Dan did not read editorials himself, but he did like the smell of battle. "That's the ticket. Boycott the lousy sheet. That's the way to bring 'em to time. Am I right, Father?"

"Oh, yes, Father—What would you advise, Father Casey?—You are saying nothing at all, Father Tim." All suddenly realized his presence, and all began addressing him at once. As a matter of fact he had taken no part in the discussion for the excellent reason that he had not had a ghost of a chance.

"Well," he said, "the *News* will probably manage to limp along even without the help of Harry Biggane's subscription. Tomorrow Harry will be reading it over the shoulder of the man in front of him on the trolley; next week he will compromise with his conscience and buy it at the news stand—just to see how the World's Series turns out."

"Then you do not think there was anything particularly blameworthy in that editorial yesterday."

"On the contrary, I am as strong as any of you in condemning it," the priest replied.

"Father Casey is like me; he does not believe in getting all het up over an occasional slip in a great newspaper." And Horace Lorand cast a triumphant glance at his wife, then bit off the end of a cigar and settled back to the peace and comfort he loved so well.

"No, no, Mr. Lorand," the priest protested, "you cannot conscript me into the lazy squad. The main reason why the papers print mis-statements and un-truths about things Catholic is precisely because there are too many Catholics like you. You let these slurs pass unchallenged rather than disturb your quiet and ruffle your equanimity by raising a voice of protest."

"Then you would check them up every time they printed anything against the Church?" somebody asked.

"Absolutely. Every time they make even a slight mis-statement. Let them get by with nothing."

"And just a minute ago you turned down Harry's plan for a boycott." Dan Curry was still strong for direct action.

"Boycott," said the priest, "is an ugly word. A threat of boycott frequently does more harm than good. An attempted boycott more often fails than succeeds. A boycott should never be used except to defend your just rights against an enemy—a stubborn, intractable enemy. The daily press is not our enemy; and even if it were, we should be far wiser to try to win its friendship rather than to intensify its enmity by an attempted boycott."

"But, Father Casey, one minute you say don't let them get by with anything; the next minute you say don't stop the paper, don't try a boycott. What can we do?"

"Write a letter to the editor."

"Useless," Charles Frensworth spoke up, "worse than useless. You remember that editorial some months ago, a sneer at the doctrine on indulgences. Well, I wrote a strong letter of protest, gave unanswerable proofs that the writer of that editorial was either ignorant or malicious and that the only honorable course was a public apology. Did they publish my letter? They did not. They coolly ignored it. Then I got hot under the collar. I wrote them a real letter telling them what I thought of them."

"They didn't publish that letter either?"

"There's the point. They did publish parts of it, a sentence here and there. Separated from the context, these disconnected statements made me look like an ass. I didn't mind it so much myself, but the wife was fit to be tied. Maybe some of her dear friends had been rubbing it in at the bridge party. She swore if I ever wrote another line to the newspapers, she would put a spider in my tea. No, sir, letters to the editor are the bunk."

"Hold your horses, Charlie, your argument is running away with you. Just because a bride's first biscuits would sink a boat, you do not decide that all cooking is useless and even harmful. In like manner, just because *your* letter to the editor did not reform journalism, you must not condemn all such letters."

"If the editor will not publish them, they are useless; if he garbles them, they are worse than useless."

"Write only the kind of letters he will publish and will not garble."

"Father Casey is right, Charley," Mr. Lorand confirmed. "If you write a letter to the editor proving he is either crooked or dumb, he is not going to publish that letter in his own paper; and the more conclusively your letter proves the point, the less chance it has of appearing in print."

"Well, what sort of letter are we supposed to write him? a love letter?"

"Write a letter," the priest replied, "which the editor can publish in his paper without detriment to his own self-respect. Write a letter like one gentleman to another."

"But what about standing up for your principles? What about defending your rights? If he has printed an editorial insulting every Catholic in the—"

"Steady, steady, Charlie, you are always exceeding the speed limit. Don't jump at conclusions. Don't decide off-hand that the editor is sworn to destroy the Catholic Church. Try to put yourself in his position and understand his problems. Only then will you be able to reason with him in such a way as to awaken his interest in your arguments. Remember the editor must be constantly on the lookout to prevent the printing of a word that could ruffle the feelings of the owners of the paper, of his fellow workers on the paper, of the advertisers that support the paper, of the readers of the paper, of the authorities who have power to hurt the paper. At the same time he must keep the paper interesting and up to the minute; he must enthuse and energize the big force to give its best efforts and see that all these efforts are condensed and crystallized into a perfect edition once, twice, or even six or eight times a day. Try to visualize his position in a friendly, sympathetic way, then you will admit that, of the millions of printed words he sends out yearly, there could easily be a few dozen offensive to Catholics."

"He takes mighty good care not to say even a few dozen words offensive to his advertisers," Harry Biggane interjected.

"He would do his best not to say anything offensive to Catholics either," the priest returned, "if Catholic readers were alert and prompt about writing to check him up every time he made a mis-statement. A flood of letters would make him watch his step. I do not mean angry, recriminating letters, which only antagonize him, I mean the right kind of letters."

"But what are the right kind of letters?"

"That is what I am coming to, Harry. Once you have a sympathetic understanding of his position and of his difficulties, your own common sense will dictate the right kind of letter. First of all, let your letter be brief—brief—and again brief. Let it be courteous. Let it be clear and to the point. Let it be definite; quote the exact words of his mis-statement. Let it be correct, absolutely correct. Make no statement unless you are sure it is correct and you can prove it is correct. Give him the benefit of every doubt; if the offending statement can possibly be interpreted in a good sense, say so, but show that it can be understood also in a bad sense. If his statement is unequivocally wrong, tell him what is right, and tell him what book in the public library will prove it. Admit that his not being a Catholic easily accounts for his not knowing this. But if it is clear he knows the Catholic standpoint and is formally opposed to it, as, for example, in the matter of birth prevention, religious education, and the like, admit his right to his own convictions, but ask him, in the interests of fair play, to let you state your side. That is the kind of letter to write."

"All that sounds very fine," said Farnsworth, "but who is going to write such a letter?"

"Father Casey, of course. He knows how to talk to those birds." Saying this, Lorand leaned back contentedly and surrounded himself by a smoke screen.

"No you don't, you big lazy hulk," Father Casey roared, "you don't slough off your burdens like that. The priest has already more work than he can do properly. The priest would miss some of the offending statements, he does not read the whole paper as many laymen do. The priest's letter would not make the same impression as the layman's, it would be taken as a mere matter of course. And finally if only the priest wrote, there would not be letters enough. No, this is your job. Of course you will never send a letter without first submitting it to somebody on whose judgment you can rely. There is where the priest could come in, he might censor the letters, but he should not be the letter writer."

"If we all took to letter writing, there would be such a flood that the editor would surely not publish the half of them."

"He need not. Indeed, he should not be expected to. Often the letter that is never published is the letter that effects the most lasting

good. Watch the paper closely. Let nothing get by—absolutely nothing. But do not restrict yourself to letters of protest. Whenever he prints anything that shows a particularly clear and intelligent understanding of the Church, write a letter of thanks. If he has treated a Catholic question with more wisdom and fairness than his competitor, tell him so. Editors are human; they appreciate a word of honest commendation. When the editor sees there are so many Catholics sufficiently interested in their religion to stand up for it, he will take great care not to print anything that might offend them. The very multiplicity of their letters will force him to print at least a goodly number of them. Thus the paper that was formerly hurting the Church would now become a medium for making known the beauty and truth of the Church. There is your job. Get busy at it. This is the day of Catholic Action," said Father Casey.



### THE NATURE OF GOD

A notorious freethinker once met a plain countryman going to Church. He asked him where he was going.

"To Church, sir," was the reply.

"What do you do there?"

"I worship God," said the man.

"Pray, tell me," proceeded the freethinker, "is your God a great or a little God?"

"He is both, sir."

"How can He be both?"

"He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and so little that He can dwell in my heart."

And the freethinker later declared that this simple answer had more effect on his mind than all the volumes of learned men.



### THE HIDDEN FORCE

When St. Louis, King of France, was setting forth on his crusade for the Holy Land, a violent storm arose. The saintly King knelt for some time in prayer, then rising calmly, he assured his companions that the flotilla would make the voyage in safety.

"How do you know that?" his men asked.

"Because," replied the King, "my monks of Clairvaux are praying and doing penance, so all will be well with us."

## Portrait of a Mother

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

### I

Mother was sitting in a big, soft chair in the living-room. Her hands, holding the pages of a letter, lay relaxed in her lap. Very softly, as Mother always desired, the radio was giving forth its music without disturbing in the least the deep quiet and peace that seemed to fill the whole house like a benediction.

The clock on the mantel and the radio agreed amicably that it was eleven-thirty. Almost midnight! The other members of the family were in bed. This was the time when, untroubled by the cares and worries of the day, she could always open her bag of problems, lay them out on her lap, and find for them a solution.

Mother settled down more comfortably, sighed softly, and gave herself over completely to the luxury that relaxation can bring only to those who are truly tired. Once more, as she had done many times these last few days, but now half dreamily, half meditatively, she read the lines of the letter from her sister.

" . . . especially since you have never had a real vacation since you were married; never a real rest in all those twenty-eight years.

The month you will spend with me until my husband returns from his most unexpected business trip to California will take years off your age and make you young again. You will have rest, rest; peace and quiet; long days for calm enjoyment and pleasure; no gadding about, I assure you; and glorious nights for undisturbed sleep at our place, which is 'almost in the country.'

Just think! It's less than a hundred miles you must travel. If anything unexpected should occur at home, you can be back in a few hours.

Now don't think of a thousand reasons why you cannot come. Your family, I am sure, will want you to come. Let me know how soon you can come. I shall be waiting every hour."

There it was! Of course, it was all settled,—in a way. The family



had decided for her. She was to leave tomorrow morning. Everything was arranged.

One of the girls, Patricia, who had finished high school in June, had volunteered: "I'll do *all* the cooking, *and* the ironing, and dusting, and . . ."

Rose interrupted: ". . . and I'll help every evening after work."

And, "Say, Mom, you ain't gonna pass it up, are you?" asked Bob.

When Father had read the letter, he put his arm around Mother, kissed her on the cheek and said quietly: "We'll settle this right now. You're going. I'll miss you terribly, but just think how much more we'll all love you when you come back."

And Mother? She was thinking many things, but said nothing. She tried to smile lovingly at them all, but succeeded only in crying just a little bit in a befuddled sort of way.

Of course she could go. The girls would manage. But a certain strange uneasiness was like a cloud around her heart. If she could only dispel that feeling, she would go most willingly to her sister's for the month's vacation. Vacation! That was it. Her husband and the children insisted on calling it that. Vacation! All by herself! Away from the family! The first time in twenty-eight years! Such words had never been known in the vocabulary of her life, and now they seemed so strange. Twenty-eight years! How short they seemed after all! Half awake and half dozing; half in reverie, half in dreams, she called back to her many memories of those years and turned them over, one by one, like the leaves of a family album.

## II.

Up and down, up and down; to and fro; to and fro; across the floors; from room to room she walked with her baby in her arms. Her first baby! They had named him Charles. She sang softly to him as she carried him in her arms, for Charles was crying, crying, crying. And it was the middle of the night. Patiently she soothed him. When at last he fell asleep, she laid him in his cradle, stood there for some minutes looking at the tiny face, then silently moved away.

How many times she had done this! First with Charles; then with Rose; then with Bob; then with Patricia; and always as patiently, as cheerfully as if it were the first time it had happened and would never happen again.

Many times her husband had offered to take her place. Sometimes

she consented ; but almost always she would shake her head and whisper : "You must go to work tomorrow."

It was only Mother who could be clever enough to give this answer in such a way that all thought of her own work on the morrow was forgotten.

\* \* \*

The children were growing up. Charles and Rose and Bob were at school. A thrill of happy pride possessed her, and her eyes were sparkling with the light of joy on that first day when Charles had come from school and said :

"Mamma, I can read !"

It was nothing to her that millions of children had made this discovery in the past. This child was hers, and he it was who had found out that printed lines on a page can be symbols for our spoken words ; and he could make them talk. She held him on her lap while laboriously he stumbled over "rat" and "boy" and "cat".

"Why that's wonderful, Charles ! You must read for daddy tonight." And she kissed him and held him tight.

\* \* \*

How quickly the children grew ! How strong their bodies became ! Despite the hard wear that only children can give to clothes, their garments were outgrown and not outworn. But then the wonderful way in which she succeeded in handing down dresses from Rose to Patricia, and coats and trousers and sweaters from Charles to Bob was a lesson in economy and a triumph of diplomacy.

But sickness had to come ; and medicines had to be given ; fevered faces and hands had to be cooled ; and many nights were spent at bed-sides in anxious watching. Mother could do no more to help, to relieve the suffering and weariness ; but Mother could, nevertheless, sit and watch and suffer with her child.

When health came back, the children quickly forgot the days and nights of suffering that had passed. But there were scars on Mother's heart to tell the story ; and the terror she had felt was written on her face in lines that were not there before.

\* \* \*

Mother built her own home. Not with boards and glass ; not with mortar and bricks and stones. Those things can never make a home. The lives and characters of her children made up the home in which she

lived; and how slowly and carefully she built it! She dug deep and laid the foundation of religion securely and on it built up straight and true the walls of faith and confidence in God. Courage was the roof she threw over them to cover them against the storms of life; and for windows she set in the jolly faces of joyousness and laughter. In her home, contentment, with busy fingers, wove carpets for the floor, while simplicity painted pictures of beauty for the walls. And, lighting and warming all, the fire of love mounted ever higher and higher on the hearthstone of heart.

\* \* \*

There were gay times and parties for the children; birthday parties; Christmas Day. And on the Fourth of July there was a picnic. Early in the morning the preparations were begun, and Mother directed it all. Preparing the baskets of lunch; getting the younger children dressed; finding this and searching for that; tidying up the kitchen; seeing that the windows were closed, nothing forgotten, and the doors locked; all this was merely the beginning. She was tired before they left the house.

Far out into the country they went. When a likely spot for the picnic was found, Mother was again the busy general in command. Watching the children, keeping them amused, staving off Father's impatient hunger,—this was the procedure every time.

After the gorgeous, open-air lunch, things were packed away. Rose took her book and began to read. The boys, as they said, went off to hunt. Patricia fell asleep, and Father followed her example by stretching full-length on the grass. And Mother? When Father awoke, he looked around and saw Mother sitting on a box in the shade.

She was darning stockings.

\* \* \*

What an honest pride she took in the doings of her children! The first time Charles served at Holy Mass; Rose's triumph in a spelling contest; Bob chosen as captain of his football team in high school,—and Patricia. . . .

Well, it happened at the Commencement Exercises of the parish school. Each grade had its own particular presentation in the program. Patricia, in the fifth grade, was to be a butterfly in a cloud of butterflies fluttering over the stage. To Mother, as the program advanced, everything was pretty enough, indeed; but when the butterflies were released, how she leaned forward in her chair to single out Patricia.

"There she is," she whispered to Father and nudged him with her elbow. "Third from the right."

After that, although the stage was swarming with butterflies of every hue, Mother could see only one butterfly fluttering on its delicate way,—and its name was Patricia.

\* \* \*

Wash-day,—with its mountains of soiled clothes, steaming water, smell of soap and dampness, heavy tubs, starch, wash-lines, clothes-pins and poles; ironing-day,—the heat of the stove, the smell of the wax, the sizzle of a moistened finger-tip against the heated iron,—and often, too, a dampened towel around Mother's head to ease the pain; baking-day,—the golden loaves with crispy crust rising gloriously from the heat of the oven, the sweet, flaky pies, the biscuits, the cakes, the rolls, and the cookies; with these days over, half the week was gone.

Shopping-days, cleaning-days, marketing-days, bargain-days! Week after week, mounting into months and into years.

\* \* \*

One day, while shopping in a downtown department store, Mother stopped for a moment to watch a young lady demonstrating a certain brand of cosmetics. It was marvelous, she thought, how these preparations, when properly applied, could add to the beauty of beautiful young women.

As she turned away, she came face to face with a full-length mirror and saw herself just as she was: her face, her figure, her hands, her hair. She stood there for a few moments, and her thoughts were like a cold hand on her heart. It was then, for the first time, she really understood that her beauty, the beauty of youth, had faded completely away. She was growing old.

But that same evening, after she had washed, combed her hair, and dressed to go with Father to confession at the church, how her age slipped from her when Patricia met her on the way downstairs, threw an arm around her and said: "Gee, Mom, you look just swell."

### III

The radio was silent now; the station had signed off, and the sudden silence broke into Mother's dreaming and awoke her. And there was the letter from her sister still in her lap,—the letter asking her to leave home for a month,—to enjoy a month of rest. And she was going.

She rubbed her hand across her eyes. Twelve o'clock! Time to be

in bed. She arose stiffly and quietly went upstairs.

But sleep would not come. She turned from side to side. So tired! So weary! Downstairs she had dozed comfortably in a chair, and now the soft bed offered not a bit of comfort.

Should I go. . . . If Patricia could cook just a little better . . . will she leave the card for the milk-man? . . . will she know what to buy? . . . will they get up in time? All thoughts! No sleep! I'll be terribly tired tomorrow for my trip if this keeps on. . . .

Suddenly she sat upright in bed. What was that? It sounded like a moan. Was it a moan of someone dreaming? Mother's heart knew at once. Someone was sick. She got up out of bed.

It was Rose.

"What is it, Rose?"

"Oh, I'm so sick . . . here . . . oh, the pain!"

Quickly the doctor was called. Hours seemed to pass before he came. Carefully he made his examination.

"Acute appendicitis," he said quietly to Mother as he straightened up and turned from the bed. "She'll have to be taken to the hospital at once."

While the operation was being performed, Mother sat with Father in a room at the hospital, waiting, waiting.

A doctor came in.

"She will be pretty sick for some time, and . . ."

When the doctor had gone, Mother turned to Father and said: "You had better go home now. I'll stay here." Then she added in a matter-of-fact sort of way: "You must send a telegram to my sister in the morning to tell her I cannot come. Tell her I'll . . . I'll come some other time."

### PREPARING FOR BATTLE

During the nerve-racking days of his battle of Catholic Emancipation, when he was trying to conquer the bitter bigotry of Parliament, Daniel O'Connell was often seen pacing the banks of the Thames.

"Getting your speech together? a friend once inquired.

"No," was the answer. "I am reciting my Rosary, and asking the Mother of God to help us in this great work for the honor of her Son!"

*Do not allow failure to distress you unduly. Success is not the measure of merit but effort.*

## Gathered at Dawn

### SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

#### XXVI.

About forty miles east of the Swiss town of Geneva is the French town of Bourg, with about 18,000 inhabitants. If you continue east by a little south some two hundred miles, your route will strike Limogues, a considerable town of east central France. These two towns witnessed the short life of the subject of this sketch. Although born at Assier, the little girl spent most of her days at Limogues with her parents, passing the three months of summer with her grandparents at Bourg. Her predilection, however, was for Bourg, situated as it was near the mountains, borrowing some of its beauty from its closeness to Switzerland.

#### JULIETTE CAMBAROU 1910-1922

Juliette was born at Assier on August 26, 1910, and baptized on September 6 by the Curate of Bourg. She had been offered by her mother to God even before birth: "This is our first child; may it be Thine, O Lord. If it be a boy, make him one of your priests; and if a girl, make her a religious. But above all, may Thy holy will be done!"

The child was sickly and thin till about her second year, particularly so during the first six months when she was subject to spells. These spells ceased immediately upon her being vowed to Our Lady of Rocamadour. After her second year she divided her time between Bourg and Limogues. She proved to be of a very lively and enthusiastic disposition, and her mother who has left us some notes about her child, tells us that the two principle traits of the child's character were wilfulness and sensitiveness. These were already quite noticeable at the end of her first year. When taken out for a walk, she would indicate where she wanted to go, pointing with decision and finality, and if she were refused she would storm and cry until her wishes were acceded to. Her mother, however, began the child's education at two and impressed deeply on her that obedience was her chief duty. She was forbidden to throw toys or anything given to her on the floor. One day she grasped a rather warm spoon from the stove, and not daring to throw it to the floor, she ran crying to her mother, and only released the spoon when her mother received it.

On certain Sundays the family used to take a stroll. One time Juliette asked her father to carry her.

"It will make you too tired," Mrs. Cambarou told her husband, "for you have been carrying Jeanne. Besides Juliette is now over two years and can walk by herself." Immediately, the little one spoke up with energy:

"You are tired, papa; I can walk very well by myself!" and she walked all the way home, despite all fatigue. The incident brings out a trait of character worthy of note, namely, her submissiveness to the will of others, and her solicitude for others. By tactful correction, the mother conquered the wilfulness of her child by absolute obedience, and re-directed her sensitiveness by solicitude for others.

She became so dependent on the wishes of her parents that she would not even take a morsel of bread or a needle or thread without their permission. This gave her great command of herself. For that reason she never manifested that abundance of desire that we see in so many of our little contemporaries, who want everything they see. She could pass before the most tempting show windows or fruit stands, and never express a desire for this or that.

Her mother admits that Juliette always appeared to her as apart from her other children. There seemed to be something about the child that was different, although her life seemed to be perfectly normal. For that reason, the mother has kept some things written down as souvenirs of the gracious days of her child.

"SHE WAS THERE!"

Juliette responded so well to the teaching of her mother that she could qualify at the early age of six years for Holy Communion. An uncle of hers, a Benedictine, was staying with them for a few days, and he was so impressed by the precocity of the child in matters of religion that he persuaded the Curate to give the child Holy Communion privately. This was a gala day for the whole Cambarou household. But to Juliette it seemed to be but the culmination of a love that long since was burning brightly in her little heart.

Already when five years old she would talk about loving Jesus "so very much":

"Mamma," said the little one early in 1916, "I love the good Jesus with all my heart, more than heaven, more than all, as much as I can."

At another time in the same epoch right around her First Communion she said:

"Mamma, I love the good Jesus so much, so very much, that I cannot tell you how much!"

The mother's notes go on to give us other charming little *tete-a-tetes* of mother and child, that are very revealing of the spiritual progress of this little French maiden.

One day in September, 1916, the little one snuggled close to mother, the little face bright and exultant:

"Mamma," she said rather mysteriously, "do you know who is the best of all mammas?"

"Who, my little one?" answered mother.

"The Blessed Virgin! . . . And then, do you know which is the most beautiful of all homes?"

"Which, darling?"

"Why, the home of heaven!" And the little face glowed with the achievement of having instructed mother.

Shortly after that, she rather startled her mother:

"When I go to Communion, mamma, I do not see the Blessed Virgin but I know very well that *She is there!*" How naturally a child associates Mother and Son—the fundamental principle of all Mariology.

RELIGIOUS OR SAINT!

One morning Juliette confided to her mother that Jesus spoke to her:

"This morning, mamma, in my bed when I turned to the wall, O how happy and peaceful I felt!"

"And why, my little one?" asked the mother.

"Because the Little Jesus was there, and *He spoke to me!*"

Her one desire was to please Jesus in everything, and she was early taught to hate sin and to wish rather to die than ever commit a single serious offence. The child responded to this teaching admirably. In fact, her mother on Juliette's First Communion day, had prayed that God would be pleased to take the child from her rather than permit it ever to stain its baptismal innocence.

"Mamma," Juliette was six and one-half, "in my Mass book I read 'My God, I prefer to die rather than offend you again . . .'. So too, mamma, it is with me: I prefer to die rather than commit any sin!"

A short time before that, the child, confiding as usual all her interior



experiences to her mother, who was in all truth her spiritual director, said:

"In my Communion this morning, mamma, I said to good Jesus: 'I know that we should not commit any sin, nor tell a lie, and I do not want to do so!' Then He spoke very sweetly in my heart: 'You give me great pleasure!'"

This wholehearted devotion to Jesus became a constant exercise for her. Even when playing with Jeanne, the thought would come forth in very naive and striking ways. One day she and Jeanne were playing and naming the various parts of the body as belonging to mother or father. Suddenly Jeanne demanded:

"And your heart?"

"Oh, mine belongs to the good God!" The answer was immediate, spontaneous, serious.

Quite naturally, at times, the child could ask questions that were rather difficult to answer, as witness, the time she asked the difference between a religious and a saint. Mother answered as well as she could, insisting on the fact that sanctity consisted in suffering for love of God. She did not insist, but remained rather thoughtful. A short time after, in one of her moments of great enthusiasm, she said: "Other times, mamma, I wanted to be a Sister . . . but now I would rather be a saint!" As it turned out the child never did definitely decide her vocation. Her mother would have liked her to be a nun, but the little one said that there was yet time to decide. Once Juliette heard a neighbor ask her mother whether Juliette would be a religious, and when she heard mother say that she knew nothing of it since the child has shown no definite intention, Juliette looked at her mother very thoughtfully and said:

"Do you think so, mamma? . . . Perhaps I too . . . ?" She even said that if she ever became a nun, it would be a Poor Clare.

When nine years old, she made the children's retreat in the parish church. They were told to take some special resolution and to be faithful to it. Juliette did not seek very long for one, but simply wrote in her note-book: "My God, I promise You always to obey papa and mamma." Whatever Juliette promised she kept, as is proved by frequent happenings in her life and that resolution of obedience she kept with perfect fidelity. She might be lively, tenacious of judgment, and even a little bold, but all yielded before the passionate desire to obey

her parents, and this obedience gradually dominated all her faults. She hated anything like lying or deceit in any form, and was never guilty of it.

She loved beautiful things and became quite a reader. Her preference was for poetry, parts of which she memorized. Two favorite poems of hers was the one called "Blurette" which tells the story of a little girl who went home to the blue skies very early in life; the other was "The Beautiful Village" by Theodore Botrel, a poem that fitted so well to the Bourg that she loved. She had a good voice and would make the house ring with the songs she would sing. She loved the songs of the Church and especially the *O Salutaris*.

#### BRIGHTENING DAWN

Juliette had never been very strong. On November 18, 1922, when returning from High Mass, she seemed to be tired. That evening a fever came on and Monday she had to remain in bed. The doctor suspected bronchial pneumonia, and said that the child must have been suffering for some time on the left side. She was asked about it and admitted the fact, yet had never said a word. For six weeks she was in bed and never was a complaint heard, never once was there any trace of impatience or weariness. She accepted all as given to her, even the medicines which were extremely repugnant to her. Her obedience left nothing to be desired. On Christmas morning Holy Communion was brought to her, and that evening the fever started to abate. Soon she could sit up, then take a few steps, until she was around once more. The doctor suggested a change of air, and she went to her grandparents at Quercy till the beginning of March. But on March 23, she once more took to her bed. All possible medical care was given to relieve her sufferings, but the Easter holidays found her very ill but at the same time, very cheerful and courageous. A period of betterment was followed by another crisis which brought on violent and obstinate spells of coughing and a derangement of the liver. Yet in all this painful ordeal, Juliette was calm and happy, and never permitted anyone to weep at her bed.

Her mother had to absent herself but came back fifteen days later to find that the malady had made dreadful progress. She found out also that they had wished to send for her but Juliette had objected, and although desiring to see her mother very much, submitted to be waited on by strange hands so as not to cause mother any anxiety or trouble.

When she found out that mother would remain with her, she was very happy:

"O mamma, I am so happy that you are come back!" And later added:

"I was always telling myself: If I only had mamma to take care of me here, I would be very happy . . . When one feels well, all goes well, but when one is sick, one must have mamma!"

One day her mother and Jeanne were at her bedside discussing the various remedies and medicines suggested. Juliette was silent as she usually was when busied with her own reflections. Suddenly she said with all usual vivacity:

"Isn't it really true, mamma: Doctors prescribe . . . mammas nurse . . . and the Good God cures!"

But despite all her hopefulness, Mrs. Cambarou at last realized that hope of recovery was gone. Day by day, Juliette grew weaker, the heralds of the end were already apparent.

#### ANGEL AND FLOWER

On Monday, May 15, the mother wrote to her husband telling him that all hope had been abandoned. On Tuesday, a drowsiness came over the patient which was more of a coma than of a sleep. Mr. Cambarou was due to arrive on Thursday, and was to bring with him his other daughter Jeanne. Meanwhile the Curate brought Holy Communion on Wednesday although the night had been a terrible one for the child. That evening Extreme Unction was administered, which she received with perfect calm and consciousness. Towards five o'clock a period of rest set in, in which she seemed by her gestures to ward off something. Feeling herself weak and failing she turned towards her mother and asked:

"Mamma, am I going to die?"

Her mother realized that the time had come to prepare her for the approach of death, and spoke sweetly and soothingly to her child:

"Darling, God knows if you ought to live or die . . . but we must will as He wills, because He loves us and wills our happiness. He loves you more than I can love you . . . more than a mamma can love you . . . He has died for you . . . and your mamma has not died for you! Besides, if He wills your death to take you quickly to heaven, we must be content to die for him . . . Will you be content?"

"O yes, mamma . . ." The little one had her hands joined, her whole attitude was one of fervor and calmness.

The description of the death bed scene of this child coming directly from the pen of the mother, is beautiful indeed. The calm resignation of the mother, soothingly preparing her child for death is something we seldom read of, since such things are usually treasured by mothers as too precious for publication. But once more the mother speaks:

"See, my little one, souls that love God, desire His will . . . Souls in a cloister spend a whole life doing penance, obeying, suffering to arrive at sanctity and perfection . . . You, you can arrive at it in one stroke, by accepting that which God wills . . . If He wills to take you now, if He wills that you suffer still and then die, be content to do His will . . ."

"O yes, yes, mamma," came the vibrant voice from the bed. "Speak some more to me . . . but not too fast . . ." And mother spoke to her of those who had died young and gone to glory, of the virgins of Christ. She told her that God wanted her to suffer so as to expiate her sins and warned her against the suggestions of the evil one. She mentioned how they had planned on having her solemn Communion this very year, but that she would celebrate that festival in heaven.

"I give you to God, darling, with all my heart, knowing that He will make you happy. We will not cry, so be calm and at rest."

Her father arrived and was deeply moved at the prospect of losing Juliette. And when he had mastered his emotions, he entered the sick room.

"And how is my little darling?" he asked her.

"Not too bad, papa," she answered trying to be cheerful.

The day wore on, her sufferings increased, particularly her thirst. Just a quarter of an hour before the end, she spoke to her mother:

"Mamma, my eyes . . . they do not see well!"

"Yes, darling," she answered, "you do not see very well . . . it must be a mist!" Shortly after they closed completely but she still knew what was going on and responded yes or no to questions asked. But soon the shades of death mounted up her features, and as death stole across the frail form, she quietly breathed her last. At the bedside knelt the little family, and the quiet of the death chamber was broken by a man's voice, as Mr. Cambarou prayed:

"Lord, take her! You have given her to us! Lord, we make this sacrifice of our child!"

AND NOW A LEGIONNAIRE

The frail body was prepared for burial by her stricken parents and it is characteristic of the man, that shortly before the body was taken from the home for burial, Mr. Cambarou should assemble his little family around the bier of her whom they loved, and as a last token recite the *Magnificat*! And the mother tells us that then she realized as never before that the canticle of exultation of the Mother of God was after all the most fitting close of a life like that of Juliette.

Little girls in First Communion dresses carried the casket, while others marched as an escort of honor. The burial service was redolent with a spirit of joy, rather than of sorrow. And thus they placed her at rest — Juliette, whose most fitting panegyric will ever remain that which her own parish priest uttered, when the priest who said the funeral Mass remarked to him, that he had an extraordinary impression of holiness while he said that Mass: "You have not been deceived, Father, *this child was predestined.*"

And is there no Juliette among those dear little ones that fill our homes with din and merriment or has the good God used the mould but once and then placed it aside to be used no more?

REFRESHING THE MIND

The famous musician, Franz Joseph Haydn, was the son of a poor wheelright at Rohrau, Lower Austria. His father played the harp, to the music of which Haydn's mother would often add the sweetness of her charming voice. This it was that first awoke the musical talent of the great composer.

One day, when he was in company with several distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when wearied with mental labor.

"For my part," said one, "I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine."

"When my ideas begin to fly," said another, "I quit my work and go into company."

"And how is it with you, Haydn?" asked one of his companions.

"I take my Rosary," he answered modestly, "which I always carry about with me. "After a few decades I always feel refreshed both in mind and body."

## Catholic Action Again

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

This is the second of a series of Articles being prepared for THE LIGUORIAN on Catholic Action. Since the first one appeared in June, its statements have been controverted; now an official of the Church has spoken, and much of the controversy must be at an end.—*The Editor.*

For the past few months the NRA has occupied the main place in Catholic papers and magazines as well as everywhere else; therefore the subject of Catholic Action has had to retreat into the background. But recently, at the National Conference of Catholic Charities, the Apostolic Delegate, Arch-

bishop Cicognani, gave an address on "what is and what is not Catholic Action," which brought the subject into the limelight once more.

The Delegate's address is an important one for Catholic Action in this country. It is the nearest thing we have had to an official Roman description of Catholic Action for the United States; and the Apostolic Delegate is certainly well qualified to give such a description. He is the representative of the Pope, and when he speaks on a subject like Catholic Action, his words may be taken as the Pope's own; besides, he has had diplomatic experience in the Roman Curia, and therefore should himself know well what is and what is not Catholic Action.

It is the Holy Father's wish that Catholic Action spread through the world; but, to adapt St. Paul's words, "how shall it spread, if it be not known, and how shall it be known, if it be not explained, and how shall it be explained, if not in the Catholic press?" THE LIGUORIAN wishes to "do its part" in this explanation; and perhaps the way in which it can be most clearly explained is by means of question and answer. We shall therefore attempt to reduce the Delegate's doctrine on Catholic Action to a series of questions and answers.

*Have we any Catholic Action in the United States?*

The Apostolic Delegate answers most emphatically: Yes, we have. He says: "America in the multiplicity of its activities has given, and is giving, continuous, magnificent and luminous examples of Catholic Action. Its organizations, well established in parish life, depending upon the parish priest and the bishops, are widely known."

*Are there any models of Catholic Action in the United States?*

Yes, says the Delegate, there are models of a "true division of Cath-

olic Action" in "Catholic Charities as organized in many dioceses," especially in the archdiocese of New York. "Catholic Charities as organized in many dioceses are not simple pious associations, nor are they confined even to the limits of the beneficent conferences of St. Vincent, which according to the strict idea of Ozanam are merely auxiliaries of Catholic Action. Catholic Charities in America are much broader in their scope, for they promote and direct the activities of thousands of the laity — men, women, youths, children — organized by ecclesiastical authority, ready to cooperate in every way for the extension of the kingdom of God in the home, in the city and in the nation. Catholic Charities have a truly diocesan character, under the direction of the Ordinary, comprising pious, beneficent, social and cultural works. They constitute a true division of Catholic Action.

"The Archdiocese of New York, under the zealous direction and fatherly care of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, has set a *glorious example* in the organization of its charities. The interest, enthusiasm, and love for souls manifested during these days of the National Conference show forth the results of Catholic Action and give promise of even greater victories."

*What is not Catholic Action?*

The Delegate says: "In order to make clear what Catholic Action is, it may be well to explain what it is not. Catholic Action is not a mere striving for individual perfection. It is not simply this or that particular activity conforming to the principles of our holy faith and carried out by this or that group or association of Catholics. It is not the works of a Catholic lay organization or religious association performed in compliance with its own particular constitution. Catholic activity that is not de facto and officially made participant in the mission of the Bishop is not Catholic Action. Hence, Catholic lay groups or religious associations that have not a commission from the Hierarchy and are not made by the Bishop of the diocese to share in some measure his apostolate are not Catholic Action, even though they labor under its banner. Since a commission must be given it can come only from him who holds it—either the Vicar of Christ or the Bishop of the diocese."

*Is Catholic Action an organization?*

Yes, it is. "Submission to the leaders of Catholic Action (that is, to bishops and priests) chosen by the Church is necessary. Without it there can be neither order nor discipline. A lack of submission would



make Catholic Action impossible. It would mean an army disorganized. In the words of St. Ignatius the Martyr, 'There is nothing without the Bishop!'

"This dependence, then, calls for an organization of those who are to labor in the vineyard of Christ, that is, in the Church of God. The laity are to be so organized through Catholic Action as to have an orderly and ordered participation in the apostolate of the Hierarchy."

*Can Catholic Action be called Catholic Federation?*

Yes, if the Bishop is the one who has founded the federation, and if he has done it for the purpose of having the laity aid him in his apostolic labors.

The Apostolic Delegate did not speak on this point expressly, but we mention it because we used the term in a former article on "Catholic Action," and it may be useful as a phrase which will more immediately convey the true nature of Catholic Action to American minds than the classical one "Catholic Action."

Archbishop Cicognani, while not expressly calling Catholic Action "Catholic Federation," still indicates implicitly that that is what it is. He says: "Catholic Action . . . does mean associations of the laity organized by a special mandate of ecclesiastical authority, dependent directly upon that authority and working under a code of regulations, sanctioned by it." "Catholic Charities constitute a true division of Catholic Action." "They promote and direct the activities of thousands of the laity—men, women, youths, children." They comprise "pious, beneficent, social, cultural works."

Thus, whether the Bishop, for the purpose of having the laity help him in his apostolic work, takes various preëxisting societies and unites or federates them under himself, or whether he both founds and federates them, the resultant organization, on account of the variety of its works—pious, beneficent, social, cultural—and the difference of its members—men, women, youths, children—will be Catholic Federation; and on account of the unity of its origin and direction—from the Bishop—and the unity of its purpose—the apostolic work of the Hierarchy—will be true Catholic Action.

*What are "auxiliary labors" of Catholic Action?*

The Delegate gives an example of these in "the beneficent conferences of St. Vincent . . . according to the strict idea of Ozanam." According to the "strict idea of Ozanam," we believe, the conferences



of St. Vincent, while acting under the approbation of the Bishop, were not to be organized by him, nor were they to function under his direction. But if they on occasion cooperate with the official organizations of Catholic Action for some good purpose, they are "auxiliaries of Catholic Action"; and if, again, they place themselves completely under the direction of the bishop, then they cease to be auxiliaries, and become a part of official Catholic Action.

*Can political societies be part of Catholic Action?*

"Political activities as such," says the Delegate, "form no part of Catholic Action."

*Must Catholic Action be organized by the Bishop?*

Catholic Action means "associations of the laity organized by a special mandate of ecclesiastical authority, dependent directly upon that authority, and working under a code of regulations sanctioned by it." "In the words of St. Ignatius the Martyr, 'There is nothing without the Bishop!'"

*Does Catholic Action have to be nation-wide?*

No; it is true Catholic Action as long as it is organized and directed by a Bishop for his diocese. The Delegate held up the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York as "a glorious example" of Catholic Action. In another place he says: "Since a commission (to be members of Catholic Action) must be given, it can come only from him who holds it—either the Vicar of Christ or the Bishop of the diocese." And describing "a true division of Catholic Action" he says it has "a truly diocesan character."

Thus there can be true Catholic Action in a single diocese of a country. In the article on Catholic Action in the June LIGUORIAN it was said that true Catholic Action is to be organized on a national scale. It is evident now from the words of the Apostolic Delegate that this is not correct. True Catholic Action may be strictly diocesan. Still, considering Catholic Action as organized throughout the world, especially in Italy, the mother-country of modern Catholic Action, we venture to believe that His Excellency believes that the ideal or perfection of true Catholic Action is the organization not only of Catholics within a diocese, but of the Bishops and the laity of all the dioceses of a country, for the spread of the Kingdom of God in the entire country.

*What is the purpose or work of Catholic Action?*

"It is an apostolate. But there are many apostolates, such as that

of the Word of God, of good example, of charity as conceived by Ozanam, of suffering, of the press. These particular apostolates must not be identified with that of Catholic Action, which is all-embracing and is intended *to bring souls, families and nations into the kingdom of God.* "We cannot lay too strong an emphasis on the fact that Catholic Action is simply a help to the Hierarchy." A help, that is, "in the task of sanctifying, teaching and ruling the faithful . . . confided by the Divine Founder of the Church to the Pope and to the Bishops: 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.'"

"Divinely constituted, the Hierarchy cannot cede to others its powers and apostolic functions; but it can share with the faithful its hierarchical mission . . . It can send forth the faithful of the Church as representatives, official delegates to perform the good works entrusted to them."

*What is the relation of the parish priest to Catholic Action?*

"Catholic Action must depend upon the parish priest, according to the directions given by the Pope and the Bishops. As the representative of his Bishop, he is the bridge between the Hierarchy and the associations of Catholic Action."

We began this article by saying that Catholic Action had given place to the NRA in the public eye. We can conclude by bringing Catholic Action and the NRA together again, and showing the close relation between the organization of Catholic Action and the success of the NRA.

In his address at the National Conference of Catholic Charities, the Apostolic Delegate did more than give a description of what Catholic Action is and what it is not; he gave a program for the certain success of the NRA. Catholic critics of the NRA have not condemned the bill itself; it is all right as far as it goes, they say, but it does not go far enough; it does not go down into the human heart and remove the greed and selfishness which caused the depression. This is true; but it is hardly within the scope of civil legislation to change the human heart; that belongs to God and to God's Church. And the Church "does her part,"—offers her program precisely for the change of the human heart, the curbing of selfishness and greed, in Catholic Action as presented to the United States by the Apostolic Delegate. Catholic Action means a crusade, an apostolate to spread the Kingdom of Christ, the Kingdom of charity and justice, entrusted to the laity by the Church. Its effects will

reach not only Catholics, for Catholics are to be the apostles—the centers from which the kingdom of charity and justice will be radiated over the nation and the world; and therefore we can say without exaggeration that on the success of Catholic Action in this country depends to a large extent the success of the NRA.

### THE MASTER'S REBUKE

The Pope's attitude towards the troublous problems of our day is well illustrated in an anecdote that is told of him.

His Holiness received a bishop in audience and the bishop confided to the Pope some great troubles that were confronting him in the administration of his diocese. The Pope listened attentively and at the end pointed to a small picture on his writing table. It is a cheap print of a picture representing the Savior calming the waves on the Lake of Genesareth,—Pointing to it the Pope said:

"See, Monsignor, that picture. I found it here the first day I set foot in this room after my election to the Pontificate. My mind was filled with the most weighty preoccupations concerning the formidable responsibility which Divine Providence had seen fit to place upon my shoulders. I certainly had full faith in the help of the Father, but I felt weighted down under the heavy office entrusted to me.

"I entered this great room and found it empty and full of dust. I approached the big table which occupied the center and saw there, as though abandoned by chance, this picture. I took it and kept it. Jesus, upright in the ship in the tempest, raised His hand toward the sky and imposed calm on the tossing waves. It seems to me that that was the reply of the Father to the preoccupations and fears that filled my heart. It seems to me that, for me too, the Divine Master at that moment repeated the rebuke addressed to His disciples on the Lake of Genesareth: 'Men of little faith, why doubt ye?'

"I thanked the Father from the depth of my heart and felt quieter; more complete and serene faith filled my heart. I wished that that little picture should from that moment watch over every act of my pontificate. I had it placed in this modest frame and from then on, on my work-table it stands.

"Every time anxiety or grief assails me, every time a more difficult or painful circumstance presents itself in my ministry, I look at this picture and the sight of it renews in me that sense of faith which consoled me so much in the first twilight of my pontificate."

## Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

The place and time of solemn baptism—the recording of every baptism in the parish register, and the proof that is required for one's baptism—are all dealt with this month according to the Canons of the law of the Church.

*Canon 770* prescribes that infants should be baptized as soon as possible. Parish priests and preachers should frequently instruct the faithful about this serious obligation.

Why does the law enjoin that infants should be baptized without delay? Baptism is necessary for salvation. If the child should die without having received the sacrament, it will never enjoy the supernatural vision of God. Beatific vision of God in heaven is given only to those who on earth become the children of God in the supernatural order either through baptism or through charity.

On the other hand it is certain too that children dying without baptism will not suffer the torments of hell reserved for those who die in mortal sin. It is the common opinion of theologians that **Unbaptized children** such children will not suffer at all in the life after death.

They will even be happy. But the objective of their happiness will be natural things.

There is an immense difference between this happiness of the unbaptized and the supernatural blessedness of an infant soul that enters heaven after baptism. Such an infant will see God in beatific vision, and will be a sharer in the infinite felicity of God forever.

When the Church commands that infants be baptized as soon as possible, she is solicitous that no child should die without baptism and thus be deprived of heaven. Catholic parents should share that **Early baptism** solicitude. Just how soon the child should be brought to the church for baptism cannot be determined by a general rule. And the canon wisely omits any determination. The health of the child, the weather, the distance from church are all factors that must be considered. But unless there is a good reason for further delay, parents should have the child baptized within ten or eleven days. Meanwhile, if the child is not strong, it would be advisable to keep a small pitcher of water in a convenient place, and the persons at home should refresh their memories as to how baptism is administered. Then if the infant be in danger of death, private baptism can be quickly administered.

*Canon 771* decrees that private baptism, when there is urgent necessity, should be administered at any time and in any place.

A previous canon demands that ordinarily baptism should be administered with all the ritual ceremonies and in the parish church. But if there is danger that a child or an adult desiring baptism might die without it, then it would be wrong for the law to insist on any ceremonial or canonical requirements. Then the sacrament not only may, but should be administered at any time or in any place. The parish priest should be summoned. But if there is danger that a child under seven might die before the priest arrives, then someone present should baptize it by pouring water on the head and saying at the same time: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." However, if an adult, in sudden sickness or after an accident, desires baptism, and there is danger that he will die before the priest arrives, any Catholic present should then make an act of contrition with him and administer baptism. The sacrament should not be omitted, even though the dying person can no longer follow the act of contrition.

*Canon 772* says that solemn baptism may be administered on any day, adding, however, that it is befitting that adults be baptized according to the very old custom of the Church on the vigil of Easter or Pentecost. This practice is especially desirable in cathedral churches.

*Canon 770* enjoined that infants should be baptized without delay. Hence it is only consistent to determine that solemn baptism can be conferred on any day. From the first centuries and for many centuries thereafter it was customary to baptize adults on the day before Easter or before Pentecost. Why does the Church desire that this custom be kept? There is a special fitness for this rite at Easter. The unregenerated soul is dead in sin. Through baptism she arises gloriously to the supernatural life of grace, as Christ arose living from the tomb.

At Pentecost there is another reason for its suitability. It is the feast of the Holy Ghost. Through baptism the Holy Spirit descends into the soul to sanctify it, and to establish there the kingdom of God.

An additional reason for keeping the old custom is that baptismal water is blessed in every parish church on these two vigils. And the Masses in the Missal for these two feasts contain prayers for the newly baptized.

*Canon 773* determines that the proper place for solemn baptism is the baptistry in a church or public oratory.

In the first centuries the baptistry was often a distinct structure erected near the cathedral. The baptistries of St. John Lateran in Rome and of the cathedral in Florence are beautiful examples of such sacred edifices. They tell us volumes of the faith and devotion of the Christians of past centuries.

Later, especially in smaller churches, the baptistry was placed within the church near the entrance and to the left. Historical, liturgical and practical reasons urge the keeping of this old custom.

*Canon 774* says that every parochial church must have a baptismal font.

In past centuries in older countries it frequently happened that new parishes formed from the territory of an old "mother" parish, did not have baptismal fonts. Baptism was administered only in the old parish church. That custom the canon abolishes. Now every parish church, no matter how new or small the parish may be, can and should have a baptismal font. The canon implies, what is expressly stated in other canons, that all should be baptized in their own parish church by their own pastor.

*Canon 774* adds that the local ordinary for greater convenience may allow or command that a baptismal font be placed in some other church or public oratory within the confines of the parish.

This canon regards European conditions, where there are many churches which are not parish churches. In America the canon will apply to mission churches without resident pastor. Through a particular decision of Cardinal Gasparri, all churches in America with resident pastors are parish churches.

The bishop therefore may allow or also insist, that a baptismal font be erected in a mission church, and that all belonging to the mission be baptized there. But if the ordinary is silent in the matter, it will be correct to have all baptisms from the mission performed in the parish church where the pastor resides.

*Canon 776* deals with solemn baptism as conferred outside of parish churches. It says that solemn baptism may not be administered in private homes, unless there is question of the child or grandchild of one who is actually ruling a state as king or president. For other persons the ordinary of the place may allow it, for extra-

**Baptism  
in homes**

ordinary reasons, if he prudently and conscientiously thinks there is a good and reasonable cause for permitting it. But in these cases baptism is to be administered in the private chapel of the house, or in some other fitting place, and blessed baptismal water should be used.

Previous canons have repeatedly enjoined that baptism should be administered in a church or public oratory. Consequently in the mind of the law, a private home is not the proper place for this solemn rite. Why? A Catholic church is not a mere meeting-house. The edifice is consecrated or blessed, and thus set aside for sacred functions only. It is the house of God. Through baptism a person becomes the child of God, and the sharer in God's blessings and favors. For a rite so sacred, no profane place, however elegant, will be quite suitable.

Perhaps it will be objected that John baptized in the Jordan, and Philip in a body of water near the roadside. What else could they do? The first Mass offered by Christ Himself took place not in the temple, but in the dining hall of a home.

The idea that sacred ceremonies should be performed in a place set aside for the worship of God is not fantastic. In the old testament, the sacrifices in the temple were commanded by Almighty God. Christ considered the temple a holy place, the house of God. When the bishops of the first centuries blessed and consecrated churches for divine worship, they did not have to borrow the idea from the heathens and their temples of the gods.

But why should it be permitted to baptize the children of rulers in their homes? In past centuries, a chapel was an integral part of a royal palace. These chapels were often as large and as beautiful as many churches. There the members of the royal family worshiped and received the sacraments. Naturally, the sacrament of baptism was administered there also. Today republics have taken the place of many monarchies of yesterday. Whatever be the form of the government that is in legitimate possession, the Church considers it the instrument of God's authority. So presidents succeed kings in favors accorded by the Church.

If others should desire to have their children baptized at home, there is danger that the request might be made for insufficient, sentimental and frivolous reasons. Hence it is wise that the canon places the decision with the bishop. Moreover the law cautions him to be prudent and con-



scientious, and not to grant the request unless there is a good reason quite out of the ordinary.

*Canon 777* prescribes that parish priests must keep a record in a special Book of Baptisms of the names of the persons baptized. They must record furthermore the names of the minister, of the parents and of the sponsors. The place and the date of the baptism must likewise be put in the record. These entries the pastors must carefully make and without delay.

Why keep such records? For many reasons. Often the person himself will desire to have reliable proof of his baptism later on. Baptism

**Baptismal  
records**

is necessary for the valid reception of the other sacraments. Consequently the Church and other persons too, will have a right to know whether a person is validly baptized. Thus a person wishing to marry must present a certificate of baptism to the parish priest performing the ceremony. Similarly a young man cannot receive Holy Orders unless he has furnished similar proof of his baptism. All persons desiring to enter a religious order must first submit a certificate of baptism made out by the parish priest of the church where they were baptized. These records furthermore serve many useful purposes. The courts accept them as proof of relationship, and the State Department at Washington as proof of citizenship.

*Canon 778* determines that if baptism was not administered by the parish priest of the person, or in his presence, then the minister must as soon as possible send a record of the same to the pastor where the baptized person has his domicile.

Why? The pastor must keep a record of the baptism of all the members of his parish. If a person for any reason was baptized in some other church, the record must nevertheless be kept in the person's proper parish church. For if the record were kept in the church where the baptism took place, it would cause confusion. In later years, a person is more liable to remember in what parish his parents lived when he was baptized, than to know or recall in which church he happened to be baptized.

*Canon 779* decrees that if the fact is not prejudicial to others, one witness free from all exception, will be sufficient proof of baptism, or if the person was baptized after attaining the use of reason, his own oath will be sufficient.

The ordinary proof of baptism is the record in the books of the



parish church, or a certificate made therefrom. But sometimes records are lost or destroyed. Consequently this canon deals with supplementary proof of baptism. The fact of baptism could become prejudicial to others, for example, when there is question of inheritance, or of dissolving a marriage of unbaptized persons through the Pauline privilege. In such cases, one witness or the person's oath will not be sufficient proof. Ordinarily either of the two methods of supplying proof of baptism will be sufficient to remove all reasonable doubt. So the law wisely does not require more.

### "THE WILL TO BELIEVE"

While Father Hughes, writes Father Holub in the *Catholic Tribune*, who was to be the future archbishop of New York, was a priest at Philadelphia, there was published in New York City a paper of the Modern "Menace" type called "The Protestant." It carried the usual line of gags and stories on the scandalous and unpatriotic actions of Catholics. The newspaper was approved by many ministers.

Father Hughes wished to expose the hoax and began writing imaginary letters to "The Protestant" telling about the "Mass-Houses" in Philadelphia and about Catholics having Mass in the afternoon. He told about conditions of a nunnery in a county in the state, also exposed a Jesuit college in Pittsburgh. As a matter of fact there was no nunnery in that county and no Jesuit college in Pittsburgh. "The Protestant" gulped down the exposure, hook, line and sinker. The paper editorialized about the Philadelphia correspondent, who signed himself "Cranmer:"

"Our Philadelphia friend communicates his melancholy intelligence in a very evangelical spirit of sensibility and fervor. We trust 'Cranmer' will remember that his letters are sermons of momentous importance, and that they are now read with intense and increasing interest by a rapidly increasing host of Protestants of a like spirit. The oftener we decorate our columns with such pathetic appeals and heart-stirring facts, the more encouragement we shall feel to blow the trumpet in Zion and sound the alarm in the Holy Mountain.

"We hope our correspondent will supply us with plenty of ammunition, and it shall be discharged to produce the desired effect."

When Father Hughes took off the mask of "Cranmer" and the editors saw that their hoax had been aired to the public, there was no more said about "blowing the trumpet in Zion."

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# *Catholic Anecdotes*



## **OTHER WORLDINESS**

The closing moments of the life of Bernadette Soubirous, whose apparitions at Lourdes had been the beginning of the famous shrine, were filled with resignation and longing.

The Chaplain exhorted her to renew the sacrifice of her life.

"What sacrifice?" she asked, almost in surprise. "It is no sacrifice for me to leave a poor world where it is so difficult to serve God."

"Are you suffering very much?" inquired one of the nuns.

"It all counts for heaven," was the reply.

"Well, I am going to ask our Immaculate Mother to give you consolation."

"No, no," cried Bernadette: "Not consolation! Ask only for strength and patience."

With her dying breath, she cried: "My God, I love Thee . . . with all my heart . . . with all my soul . . . and with all my strength."

Here are contained all the secrets of sanctity: to know the world's emptiness, to understand the meaning of suffering, to love God with one's whole heart and strength and soul—this is enough.

## **JOY OF ST. FRANCIS**

One day, as St. Francis was going with Brother Leo from Perugia to Santa Maria degli Angioli, in the winter, and suffering a great deal from the cold, he called to Brother Leo, who was walking on before him, and said to him:

"Brother Leo, if it were to please God that the Brothers Minor should give, in all lands, a great example of holiness and edification, write down, and carefully observe, that this would not be a cause for perfect joy."

A little farther on, St. Francis called to him a second time:

"O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor were to make the lame to walk, if they could make straight the crooked, chase away demons, restore sight to the blind, give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and, what is even a far greater work, raise the dead after four days, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy."

Shortly after, he cried out again:

"O Brother Leo, if the Brothers minor knew all languages; if they were versed in all science; if they could explain all Scriptures; if they had the gift of prophecy, and could reveal, not only all future things, but likewise the secrets of all consciences and all souls, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy."

After proceeding a few steps farther, he cried out again with a loud voice:

"O Brother Leo, little Lamb of God! if the Brothers Minor could speak with the tongues of angels; if they could explain the course of the stars; if they knew the virtues of all plants; if all the treasures of the earth were revealed to them; if they were acquainted with the various qualities of all birds, of all fish, of all animals, of men, of trees, of stones, of roots, and of waters,—write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy." Shortly after, he cried out again: "O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor had the gift of preaching so as to convert all infidels to the faith of Christ, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy."

Now this discourse having lasted for the space of two miles, Brother Leo wondered much within himself; and questioning the saint, he said:

"Father, I pray thee, teach me where to find cause for perfect joy."

St. Francis answered: "If, when we shall arrive at Santa Maria degli Angioli, all drenched with rain and trembling with cold, all covered with mud and exhausted from hunger; if, when we knock at the convent-gate, the porter should come angrily and ask us who we are; if after we have told him that we are two of his brothers, he should answer angrily, 'What you say is not the truth; you are but two imposters going about to deceive the world, and take the alms of the poor; begone I say;' if he refuses to open to us, and leaves us outside, exposed to the snow and rain, suffering from cold and hunger till night arrives, —then, if we accept such injustice, such cruelty, and such contempt with patience, without being ruffled, and without murmuring, believing with humility and charity that the porter really knows us, and that it is God who makes him speak thus against us,—O Brother Leo, write down that this is a cause for perfect joy. And if we knock again, and the porter comes out in anger to send us away, as if we were vile impostors, with oaths and blows, and saying, 'Begone, miserable robbers! go to the hospital, for you shall neither eat nor sleep here!' if he takes hold of a knotted stick, and, seizing us by the cowl, throws us on the

ground; if we bear all these injuries with patience and joy, thinking of the sufferings of our Blessed Lord, O Brother Leo, write that here, finally is cause for perfect joy. And now, Brother, listen to the conclusion. Above all the graces and all the gifts of the Holy Spirit which Christ grants to His friends, is the grace of overcoming oneself, and accepting willingly, out of love to Christ, sufferings, injuries, discomforts, and contempt."—*Keppler*.

### OBSCURITY

In the "Original Fables" of Mrs. Prosser, we read the following:

A little pearl lay hidden in the shell, and it mourned: for it heard that the divers had taken away many of its sisters, and it complained: "Why am I left in silence and darkness, while they are gazed on and admired?"

And while it mourned and complained, it grew and grew in its undisturbed obscurity, receiving just as much light and matter as was needful to perfect it in size and purity, none seeing it, none knowing of it.

But, just as its lustre and form had reached the height of excellence, the divers came, and they took it, and it was made a royal ornament, and dazzled a court.

"Ah!" cried the once complaining little pearl, as she looked on her many once-envied sisters, so inferior to her in costliness and beauty, "I see now how good it was to be left in solitude; if I had been taken with these, as I repiningly desired to be, I might indeed have been threaded, with many others, for a courtier's arm, but I should not have been raised to glisten on a royal brow."

### BLESSINGS OF CHILDHOOD

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three first for good:

Peace. He had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act, and word; had never heard Father's or Mother's voice raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter.

Obedience. He had been taught to obey a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance.

Faith. Nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true.

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# *Pointed Paragraphs*

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### NOVEMBER'S TASK

The greatest thing in human life, it has been often said, is love. It is the one subject of inexhaustible inspiration to the writer. It is the driving power of human wills. The heart feeds on love when there is nothing else to nourish it. The reason bows to love, accepting from its deathlessness intimations that are stronger than proof of immortality.

The month of November is dedicated to the works of love. Love remembers, or it is not love; remembers the heart to which it was bound; remembers the face in whose smile it found joy; remembers, even though death has silenced the lips of the beloved, and closed the eyes and made impossible even the touch of a hand.

Love remembers, and more. To its remembrance it brings the testimony of its faith, couched so clearly in the ringing words of St. Paul: "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, will God bring with Him . . . and we who are left, shall be taken up together with them in the clouds to meet Christ, and so shall we be always with the Lord."

Love remembers. Love believes that they who are gone live on awaiting reunion in God. And to this knowledge love brings the realization that they may be suffering—may be undergoing the pain of purification unto that spotlessness that is alone known to heaven. Earthly love has power with God, and so it prays and suffers for its dead.

November is dedicated to these works of love. Shall not the individual not only remember but work and suffer for his dead, when the Church so strongly sets the example? She is a mother; she is the mystical Body of Christ—and like the universal heart of mankind she has mourned and prayed for her dead throughout the ages.

From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, she has spoken thus, she will speak thus at her holy Sacrifice, till "we are all always with the Lord:"

"Remember, O Lord, Thy servants and handmaids who have gone before us with the sign of Faith and sleep the sleep of peace. . . . To

these, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, grant, we pray Thee, a place of refreshment, of light, and of peace through the same Christ our Lord. Amen."

### LIFT UP YOUR EYES!

The Catholic Church has always been a firm believer in hero-worship. For that reason She canonizes saints and fills each calendar day with a heroism that streams out from the lives of countless saints. But the calendar days seem far too inadequate to hold the individual charge of supernatural idealism, so She sets aside one day of the year on which to celebrate the unsung heroes of Christ's army in glory.

Already in the fourth century, the Easterners celebrated the "Feast of all Holy Martyrs" which was introduced into the West by Pope Boniface IV (609) and celebrated on May 13. Later Pope Gregory IV (827-844) set the date at November 1 and at the same time broadened the scope of the feast so as to include all saints, whether martyrs or not.

The day is charged with genuine supernaturalness. Whereas on other saint's days we seem to feel and ask the help of the individuals commemorated, on this day we sense the full implication of the grand dogma—the Communion of Saints.

The entire vast multitude which St. John saw in his visions, seems to reach down to the brethren of pilgrimage. Never as now, do we realize how interlacing are our objectives, how unified our endeavors, how mutually interesting our successes or failures. We have felt days of loneliness and aloneness, that are part of our pilgrimage, but All Saints lifts us out of it, and where once we failed to see a companion, our escort becomes legion. Where once we craved appreciation and interest, we now see exultation to crown our successes, prayers to aid our failures, a million living, vibrant ideals to purge away our laggardness.

All Hallows! It is the feast of the throbbing ideal—the feast that convinces us of the Communion of Saints—the feast that brushes aside the mists of materialism to reveal to us the thrilling fact that clustered about the throne of the Lamb are men and women even as we, men and women who await our coming, seeming almost impatient against the restraints of time!

"I saw a great multitude which no man could number of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne." Thus

the Mass of All Saints opens, and with it the Church reminds us of our ancestry and the ultimate attainment of all ideal!

### BACK TO FUNDAMENTALS

Some will say that the action of the School Board in Chicago, whereby it has slashed right and left from the educational program of its public schools, is unmitigated evil. Others have said that it is good but inopportune, throwing thousands of teachers out of work at a time when the national energies are all concerned with finding work for the unemployed. The third view is that any time is a good time for curtailing the operations of a system that has long since gone beyond the bounds of its purpose, and in so doing has even kept its true purpose from being fulfilled.

With full sympathy for the ousted teachers, we yet find it hard to take any view of the Chicago action other than the last. Surely it is no evil to do away with frills that teach a child only how to "do time" in school and politicians only how to distribute favors. That the curtailing is inopportune at this time, seems readily refuted by the fact that Chicago has not paid its teachers for several months anyway, and would not be able to pay them adequately for many more unless overhead were drastically reduced or taxes boomed. All would continue to suffer (including the children) if none were let go, hard though it may be for these latter to feel that "it is good for one man to lay down his life for his people."

Regarding the particular curtailments, each one will no doubt create its own particular storm. Still, we believe that if the action be adhered to and followed in other places, generations to come will be thankful that hired bandmasters, coaches, kindergarten advisors, assistant superintendents and other accessories of the educational system went "by the board" in this drastic age.

### FOR RURAL CATHOLICS

A noteworthy achievement stands to the credit of the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and other interested organizers for the summer that has passed. It is in the field of religious training for children in country districts where there are no parochial schools.

Two thousand religious vacation schools were conducted during the summer for such children. The plan has been operating for a number of



years but this year shows an increase of 500 schools over last. Approximately 9,000 teachers gave their services to the schools. Of these about 400 were priests, 400 seminarians, 3,600 were Sisters, and 4,600 were lay teachers. The greater part of the instructing was in the hands of the Sisters, as most of the lay-teachers worked under their direction.

The plan of the summer vacation school is as follows: Religious teachers are hired by the pastor of a country parish, or supported in their work by some diocesan or national organization; they spend two or three weeks in the parish and hold instructions for the children each morning and afternoon. In this way the children receive a compact, continuous training in their faith which takes deep root in their souls, and to a great extent makes up for the lack of religious instruction in school.

Many lay organizations have contributed their services to fostering the religious vacation school movement. Prominent among them are the Diocesan Councils of Catholic Women, Catholic Daughters of America, Daughters of Isabella, Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Christ Child Society, and many others.

That the work has only begun, despite its rapid growth, is evident from the fact that the vacation schools this year reached only about 200,000 Catholic children out of the 2,000,000 in the country who are receiving no regular religious instruction.

Catholic organizations that are looking for means of practicing Catholic Action might well look into the opportunity offered by this movement, and prepare during the winter for action next summer.

### AN IDEAL PARISH

One almost wonders if the picture presented by a writer in a recent issue of *Orate Fratres* of a large parish in the East is not exaggerated, so eminently is it made to stand out as a center of vigorous Catholic life. A little study of the picture, however, shows that it is simply the result of a faithful development of the Liturgy in Church services, one that might be realized anywhere at any time. The pastor of the parish is a diocesan priest.

The church itself is built along liturgical lines, artistic and approved symbolism incorporated in every part. Liturgical music alone is sung; once a week the school children sing the entire High Mass for the day, the Ordinary and Proper of the Mass as prescribed. Every Sunday a Solemn High Mass is sung at eleven o'clock before a capacity



crowd (the church seats about 1800) and the Gregorian Chant is rendered by a choir of men and boys, vested in cassock and full white linen surplices. On Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Compline is chanted according to the Liturgy.

Announcements are never made from the pulpit at the Sunday Masses, which is reserved for the Word of God; they are printed and handed out after Mass. About one third of the members of the parish use the Missal at Mass, and all high school and eighth grade pupils use it. All liturgical functions of the year are carried out strictly, before good crowds.

That the personal spiritual advancement of the parishioners has kept pace with this liturgical development is evidenced by the number of Communion and by attendance at Mass. There are about 2000 Communion per week—this in a parish that has only 635 children in grade school. Weekday attendance at Holy Mass averages about 400 during the year, about 750 during Lent. These are indications of vigorous Catholic life.

Probably there are many parishes like this, never written up, in the country. To view the results obtained from concentration on Liturgical devotion, is to see how the faith can be intensified even in a materialistic age.

#### THE TOLL OF TRAFFIC

Every year some 30,000 people are killed and 800,000 injured in automobile accidents. This is a shocking toll, and with cars being geared to higher and higher speeds, trucks that are like trains increasing in number, and more and more people driving, it is hardly to be expected that the mortality rate will diminish unless the driving public be aroused to a still higher sense of responsibility.

Self-interest should promote a campaign for careful driving, even if the sense of social responsibility be nil, as it seems to be in some. Both self-interest and the common good advise the driver to be ready for anything to happen on the road; ready for another's infraction of the traffic laws; ready for the pedestrian to become confused; ready for the car ahead to turn or stop without warning.

It is all right for a driver to talk about "the right of way" and "the law on his side" after an emergency has been safely passed through. But it is probable that a high percentage of those killed in next year's accident toll will be new victims of the famous last words: "I have the right of way."

# ✠ ——— *LIGUORIANA* ——— ✠

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### ADVICE TO TROUBLED SOULS

These fears of yours console me.  
The people who make me tremble

are the ones who are  
too sure of them-  
selves. Still, I don't  
like worry. True  
fear of God does not bring worry,  
but peace and joy. I assure you  
that God is with you; what more  
do you desire? In all your fears  
say: My God, I wish only You;  
and don't worry. . . .

The Lord gives you enough  
light for you to know what you  
are and what you deserve for your  
defects and frailties. And so, why  
all these fears that the devil is de-  
ceiving you? Why all this talk  
about the devil? It is God — it is  
God Who is assisting you, Who  
stays near you, because He wants  
you to be all His own. So, when-  
ever He opens the door and speaks  
to you with His lights, first of all  
humble yourself, thinking that he  
grants these favors to a soul as un-  
grateful as yours; abase yourself,  
considering your frailties; and  
then, trusting in the infinite mercy  
and goodness of the Supreme  
Good, throw yourself into His lov-  
ing arms as though you were dead,  
and receive with gratitude and  
love all the lights and all the lov-  
ing caresses that He gives your  
soul. . . .

I beg you not to have so many  
doubts about yourself, and not to  
try to find out whether  
From the every single action you  
"Letters" perform is for God or  
not; this very preoccupation can  
easily do you harm. In dealing  
with God, the infinite goodness,

we should go along without any  
strain or constraint; do what seems  
right and go ahead. . . .

Be satisfied to have Jesus in  
your heart, if not before your eyes,  
and offer Him this pain of dark-  
ness — the greatest that can come  
to a soul that loves God; the one,  
too, that made Jesus Himself cry  
out on the cross. But if we can't  
suffer for God, what can we do?  
So said your own St. John of the  
Cross; and St. Philip Neri used to  
say that there is no greater cross  
than not to have any cross; he also  
said that we have little love for  
God if we have little desire to suf-  
fer. When you are most in the  
dark, send you soul up to Jesus  
with a sigh and say: O my spouse,  
I don't want your consolations; I  
want only You; and try to feel the  
pain that St. Aloysius felt, and that  
made him a martyr of love, when  
he realized He could not love God  
as much as He knew God ought to  
be loved. How glad I am, my  
child, that you are suffering this  
weariness and disgust in your  
prayers, and that you are faithful  
to God in spite of it all! At such  
times it will be enough if you sim-  
ply make continual acts of union  
of your will with God. . . .

If you could see, my child, that  
you are all right with God, where  
would be the suffering? Suffering  
would be Paradise. Try to recover  
your peace as soon as you can in  
every anxiety, and persevere in  
your prayers and spiritual exer-  
cises in spite of all your disgust  
with them, and though it seems  
they are all in vain; just leave

everything in the hands of Our Lord. . . .

. . . As the trials you have to suffer in the convent I am happier to hear of them than if you were working miracles or going into ecstasies. Persecutions are the things that bind us to Jesus Christ, and make us love God alone. Be careful not to complain about them to anyone; and when they come, offer them in silence to Our Lord. And if at times you happen to slip and lose patience, don't grow impatient with yourself because you were impatient; just humble yourself, make an act of love of God, and be calm. And every day renew your prayer to Jesus Christ to make you despised as He was despised for love of you. And what is the use of going to the convent if you can't stand contempt for Our Lord? This is the greatest thing you can do in the convent. So try to suffer something for Our Lord. . . .

Don't be disturbed at seeing yourself restless and distracted in all your spiritual exercises, even your Communion, and though you think you are performing them without devotion and without faith. Tepidity does not consist in feeling disgust and distractions in spiritual things; as long as you perform them with a good intention and don't omit them, you are all right. The tepidity that does harm is that which leads us to omit spiritual exercises, either because we want to get away from the annoyances they bring, or because they would cause us to miss human diversions. So be brave; go ahead with your spiritual exercises whenever you can make them,

even though they seem all in vain; just leave everything in God's hands.

As to the defects you commit, don't get worried when you fall, but make an act of love of God and go on your way. We are dealing with a good Master, and when He sees a soul humble itself, He at once embraces it and presses it to His heart. . . .

In your meditations, find out what attracts you most, and then spend the time in making acts of love of Jesus and Mary, and in asking them for graces. Outside the time of meditation, you should be continually sighing for that Spouse of yours Who alone loves you, and Who alone is worthy of all love. If you should commit a fault, rise quickly and cheerfully, make an act of love of God, and don't think about it any more except to confess it. . . .

#### APHORISMS

Meditate often on His Passion. Beg Him continuously for His love.

Go frequently to Holy Communion and make spiritual Communion many times a day.

Often visit the Blessed Sacrament.

Every morning accept your cross from the hands of Jesus Christ.

Desire Heaven and death so as to be able to love Christ perfectly and forever.

Often speak of the love of Jesus Christ.

Accept contrary things for the love of Jesus Christ.

Rejoice that God is infinitely happy.

Do that which is pleasing to Jesus Christ and deny Him nothing that would please Him.

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## Book Reviews

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### TRAVEL

*At the Shrines of God's Friends.* By Frederick M. Lynk, S. V. D. Published by the Mission Press, Techny, Ill. 218 pages. Price, \$2.00.

"Whenever," says the author of this book in his foreword, "I wish to give my soul a real feast, I pick up one of my travel diaries and quietly, reminiscently, read the entries made every evening." In this mood he has prepared a feast for his fellow-Christians by recounting what he saw and felt at the great Shrines of the world. They have only to take his book and read and a bit of the enthusiasm and devotion that always marks a place of pilgrimage will find its way into their hearts.

The little studies are written with a refreshing, personal charm that communicates the fondness of the writer to the reader. Most of the great shrines abroad receive their tribute in the book. Over a hundred and twenty pictures and cuts, some of them copies of great masterpieces, lend atmosphere and beauty to the book. Little poems by the author are interspersed,—sincere expressions of fundamental human aspirations and prayers. As a preparation for a Jubilee Year trip abroad the book should be read and its contents noted; for those who stay at home it will give inspiring little periods of spiritual reading.

—D. F. M.

### DOGMA

*The Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.* By Abbé Joseph Anger. Translated from the French by Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, 1931. xxxix—340 pages. Price, cloth, net \$4.50. Postage, 20 cents.

Twenty years ago a French cleric presented a thesis to the Theological Faculty of Angers, France. At that time 150 copies were printed and distributed among fortunate friends. The teaching of the Mystical Body of Christ seemed to have been somewhat forgotten so that the thesis merited to awaken interest in the matter. According to the repeated wishes of friends, Abbé Anger set to work to recast parts of the thesis and add other things, till in 1929 he brought out

his youth's work in a French volume of over 500 pages. The author expresses regret that he had not the opportunity to recast the work as he wished, due to the pressure of other work—he is Director of the Great Seminary of Rennes. But any one reading the fine translation Father Burke has made of the work, will be immediately impressed by the wealth of material offered, and the happy method of handling the subject. The work is divided into three parts in which are treated the intimate relations between the doctrine of the Mystical Body and the Incarnation and Redemption, the sacraments as means of incorporation, and lastly, the Church, which Bossuet has so felicitously called "Christ extended and spread." The work ends with a General Conclusion embracing three conclusions: the doctrine of the Mystical Body is a revealed doctrine; it belongs to theology and life; it should be made the subject of more widespread study.

This new edition of the work though adding many things to the original thesis, still remains, as some one has remarked, the work of his youth, with its good qualities and its faults. Despite all, however, it remains a distinct success. The book approaches the subject in various aspects, and gives such a wealth of detail that it at times disperses attention and militates against concentration. He draws from the Fathers, but rightly shows great predilection for St. Thomas. He has in general gotten the full value out of St. Thomas, but at times he has not noted all the implications one would desire. The basic thought expressed in St. Thomas' Summa (Part III. q.8. a.6) about the two essential functions of the Head, he applies only partially. The two functions of the Head are to give life to the members and to direct them in their movements. Applied to Christ, we have the sacerdotal action sanctifying souls and the governmental action directing them—Christ's royalty. Applied to the Church, we have the participation of the priesthood of Christ in Christian cult, and the participation of royalty in the hierarchical government. The author stresses the former very much, and speaks

of the latter rather incompletely. For that reason he leaves the relations of the Church as a hierarchic society to the sacerdotal and liturgical element in some unclearness. However, all essential doctrines are given, and the relative importance is well brought out. The thirty pages of notes show the care the author used in the citation of authorities, although we missed the mention of Msgr. Grabmann's wonderful work on the teaching of St. Thomas about the Church as the work of God (Regensburg, 1903). A fine analytical index of thirty pages at the beginning, and a topical index of eighteen columns at the end, make the work easy for consultation and increase its usefulness very much.

Thus, it must be said, that Abbé Anger has through Father Burke done a signal service to English speaking Catholics, and we sincerely hope that it will be instrumental in re-introducing the Catholic to a doctrine which Father Mersch in a recent two volume work has shown us to be eminently Patristic.—P.J.E.

#### DEVOTION

*The Month of the Holy Ghost.* By Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B. Published by the B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, 1933. ix—372 pages. Price, cloth, \$2.25 net.

Sister Emmanuel has already given us volumes dealing with the months of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Souls, Mary, and Joseph, and now she adds the month of the Holy Ghost. Anyone who has read any of her other books will find in this one a like arrangement under each day of the month: the doctrine, aspiration, practice, saying of the Saints and finally one or two examples. A casual glance into the volume would already reveal a wealth of material put up in an interesting way. But the fact that she has written about the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity should merit consideration of her effort, since the literature about the Third Person is as yet quite scant in English.

The doctrine on the Third Person is treated in the first five days, followed by seven days devoted to the works of the Holy Ghost. From the 13th till the 20th day the gifts are considered, and these are followed in turn by the Fruits, Confirmation, Pentecost, Duties towards the Holy Ghost, and four days of commentary on the liturgical prayers to the

Holy Ghost. The book closes with a bibliography and a selection of appropriate prayers.

The material of the book is varied, and the authoress has succeeded in popularizing it in most cases. At times the technical terms might prove a little too much for the lay reader. The Church as the work of the Holy Ghost is well brought out, while the relation of the Third Person to the Soul is well described, although greater precision might be desired in several places. The chapter on sanctifying grace merits the same criticism. After all, the parallel of nature and grace which St. Thomas speaks of is a parallel and we should guard against terms that might be ultra-realistic.

The bibliography is rather short, and had therefore to be selective. However, names like those of Card. Manning, Richard Johnson, Moritz Meschler should have found a place in it.

Yet, clients of the Holy Ghost have reason to feel happy about the appearance of this volume, and we trust that it will serve to spread devotion to Him Whom Msgr. Landrieux has called "The Forgotten Paraclete."—P. J. E.

#### BRIEF REVIEWS

*The Call to Catholic Action.* By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. A pamphlet. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents. This pamphlet is written in Father Lord's own vivid, interesting style. It is hard to lay it down once one has begun to read. But we believe that were Father Lord to write it over again, now that the Apostolic Delegate has spoken on what is and what is not Catholic Action, he would devote some space, and perhaps considerable space, to the fact that Catholic Action is a special organization, which must be founded by the Bishop and remain under his direction. He only says: "The Catholic Action program demands that the Catholic layman and laywoman *regard themselves* as associated with the priest in bringing Christ and His truths into the lives of men." The Catholic Action program, according to the Apostolic Delegate, demands rather that the Catholic layman and laywoman actually associate themselves with the priest and the Bishop, by becoming members of the organization that is Catholic Action, and doing its work.—R. J. M.



## Catholic Events



### Persons:

*The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI*, left the Vatican for the third time during his pontificate to visit the basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome and gain the Holy Year indulgence. Early in the morning of October 11th, feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Mary, he left his palace. Crowds of eager pilgrims and citizens of Rome thronged the basilica of St. Mary, and the Pope was borne through the crowds on the Sedia Gestatoria in the midst of tumultuous acclamation. High Mass was celebrated in his presence; after it he knelt in prayer for some time, took part in devotions in the chapel of the Blessed Mother, and then went to a balcony overlooking the Merulana Square where he blessed the thousands that had gathered.

*Four New Bishops* were installed in their respective sees during the past month. The Most Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, formerly a pastor in Pittsburgh, Pa., was inducted into the See of Helena, Montana. The Most Rev. Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., S.T.D., formerly of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., took over the See of Seattle, Washington. The Most Rev. Charles Hubert Le Blond, formerly director of diocesan charities in Cleveland, Ohio, entered into office as Ordinary of the See of St. Joseph, Missouri. Archbishop Edward A. Mooney, formerly Apostolic Delegate to Japan, became Bishop of the diocese of Rochester, N. Y.

*The Most Rev. William A. Hickey*, Bishop of Providence, R. I., since 1921, died unexpectedly while at prayer in his home on October 11. The Bishop was known throughout the country as a champion of social justice and he had taken a leading part in promoting the recovery program.

*The Rev. Dr. Francis J. Haas*, formerly of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, now director of the National Catholic School of Social Service, who has been previously a member of the Advisory Board in framing the Recovery Act, has recently been appointed a member of the National Labor Board by President Roosevelt.

*The Rev. Thomas A. Galvin, C.Ss.R.*, noted Redemptorist Missionary of the Baltimore Province, died at the age of 69 in Buffalo, New York, during the past month. Father Galvin was widely known throughout the East; for 41 years he had given missions up and down the country, including in his work many labors for the negroes and the deaf.

*The Rev. Robert J. White*, World War veteran, now a member of the faculty of the Catholic University Law School, was elected national chaplain of the American Legion at the annual convention in Chicago. Father White received the degrees of bachelor of arts and bachelor of laws from Harvard University, practiced law for some time, served through the World War, was assistant district attorney of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, and then in 1927 began study for the priesthood in thanksgiving for an answer to prayer. Ordained in 1931, he was appointed to the Catholic University Law School in that year.

*Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley*, of Kansas City, Missouri, was elected President of the National Council of Catholic Women at the closing session of the 13th annual meeting of the organization in St. Paul on October 11. Miss Hooley



replaces Miss Mary G. Hawks, who had rendered outstanding service as president for six years.

*William Marconi*, famous inventor of wireless telegraphy, received the honorary degree, Doctor of Laws, from the University of Notre Dame through the hands of the Rev. Charles Miltner, C.S.C., dean of the College of Arts and Letters, on October 14. This marks the second time a citation has been made by the University outside of graduation time. The first was in favor of Gilbert Chesterton in the summer of 1929.

*Four hundred unemployed men of Great Britain and Ireland* were financed on a pilgrimage trip to Rome by the London Universe, leading English Catholic newspaper. The Universe raised \$35,000 from among its readers and directed the choice of representatives from among the jobless to carry pledges of loyalty to the Holy Father and to pray at the tomb of St. Peter for relief. The men were received with great kindness at all points of their journey, in many places crowds turning out to greet them. They had three days in Rome and a special audience with the Holy Father, in which he bade them bear back to England and Ireland affectionate messages for all who were suffering from the depression.

*The Most Rev. Arsene Turquetil*, Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, completed during October a journey of 6,000 miles, made for the purpose of visiting the northernmost mission station for Esquimaux in his Vicariate. The whole territory of Bishop Turquetil covers approximately 1,500,000 square miles. He makes the long rounds of his stations in a small motorboat.

*The Catholic Actors' Guild of America* has completed arrangements whereby 13 two-reel variety and musical featurettes are to be made. "On the Air and Off" is the title of the first subject completed, and includes among its principals Nick Lucas, Adelaide Hall, Hizi Koyke (Japanese prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Co.), Eddie Carr, Leon Belasco and Oliver Wakefield. The Guild Series will be shown at leading theatres throughout the country and all revenue that results is to go for the sick and relief fund of the Guild.

#### Places:

In the *United States*, Catholics gave \$391,336.50 to the missions during the past year. The report is made by the American Board of Catholic Missions, and covers 90 dioceses. Interesting in the report is the fact that Chicago leads the contributing dioceses with \$39,379.99—which is ten per cent of the total. New York is second with about \$25,000, and Springfield is third with \$10,833.55.

*Poland* was recently the subject of a statistical report which shows that its population is 75 per cent Catholic. Schismatics in Poland number 10.6 per cent; Jews, 10.5; and Protestants 3.8 per cent. The country has 5,241 Catholic parishes.

In *Germany*, Catholics recently inaugurated a giant campaign for the improvement of family conditions and widespread application of Christian principles regarding marriage and the family. The slogan of the movement is "Christian People—Healthy People." A public mass meeting was held on October 26th, with prominent leaders of Catholic organizations as speakers to outline the scope of the campaign. The spread of proper information on Christian Eugenics, the promotion of large families, the prevention of alcoholism and social diseases—these will be outstanding aims of the movement. The Encyclical of Pius XI on Christian Marriage will be the basis of action.

# Lucid Intervals

He was standing on the corner, paying absolutely no attention to anyone. He shook his head and mumbled to himself: "No, no, no—no, no, no!" He paid no attention to the crowd that gathered but just kept saying, "No, no, no!"

An officer shook his arm and said: "What's the matter, my friend?"

"Nothing at all," came the reply, "I'm just a 'yes' man taking a day off!"

\*

"Samuel, whut do dat word 'ditto' mean?"

"Wharfo' you-all want to know?"

"Well, las' night Ah put mah ahm 'round Mandy an' sez: 'Ah lubs you, Mandy!' An' she sez: 'Ditto.'"

"Dat so? Well, now! You-all see dat jack-ass ovah dar in de field?"

"Yassah, Ah do."

"Well you-all see dat yudder jack-ass ovah dar, too. Dat's 'ditto.'"

"No-o-o, Samuel! You don' mean to tell me Mandy done call me a jack-ass, does you?"

\*

The agriculture class was discussing the feeding of hogs.

The teacher asked, "What is a good mineral form of food for hogs?"

Bright pupil answered, "Pig iron."

\*

Tic: "Your expression lately has been so peculiar. It's almost weird. What's the matter?"

Tac: "I've had my portrait painted by one of those modernists and I am trying to look like it."

\*

A farm lad drove the farm truck to town. At a crossing he saw a machine coming; so he stopped. A machine in the rear ran into his truck. The argument: "Why in the deuce didn't you put out your hand?" "Put out my hand? Ye old fool, if ye couldn't see the truck, ye sure couldn't see my hand."

\*

"What's that extraordinary noise?" asked the farmer.

"That," replied his wife, "is Jane cultivating her voice."

"That ain't cultivatin'," said the farmer.

"That's. harrowin'."

Two Westerners had met again after not having seen each other for years. They were so overcome with joy that they overindulged in hard cider so that both of them became rather woozy in their heads.

One of them inquired: "Shay, do you remember ole Jed Hanson?"

His friend thought a moment, and answered: "No. What ziz name?"

The first one was stumped by this inquiry and then asked, foolishly: "Who?"

\*

Teacher—Margaret, use officious in a sentence.

Margaret—When Mary and John fell in the lake he hollered, "Oh, fish us out."

\*

Parent—What reason have you for marrying my daughter?

No reason at all, sir; I'm in love with her.

\*

A rich American was playing golf in the South. He delivered a mighty stroke at a moment when the Negro caddy was crossing the path. The heavy blow stunned the boy; but after a little while he arose, blinking, soon himself again. The rich man, who had rushed up, relieved to find the lad not seriously injured and admiring his pluck, drew a five dollar bill from his pocket and handed it over.

The boy looked at the bill, admired, grinned, looked at the rich man, and asked:

"Sah, when is you-all gwine to be playin' again?"

\*

The rural press of the United States is rich in homespun fun—much of which is found interwoven in the "local" items telling about neighborhood happenings. For instance, here is a paragraph from the Pine Valley correspondent of the Bascom Independent:

"At the last sociable of the Grange, the Gilroy sisters sang three selections, Tony Bing read an original poem on 'Night' and Ken Fletcher played a tune with variations on his saxophone. The remainder of the evening was spent very pleasantly."







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